

You re the line that ties me to things.

Bm

I don t understand.

Bm

Your smile as you wither,

D

is as pretty as the picture,

A

You wouldn t sell

Bm

to the lady next door.

D

You tell me music and art,

A

it doesn t have a price, it s for the heart,

G

I should give it away,

Bm

Use it for the freedom of us all.

Em

I could call you my lover,

A

call you a beast,

D

C

Call you the island,

G

where faith doesn t reach.

Em

Call you a lion,

A

call you a man,

D

C

G

You re the line that ties me to things.

Bm

I don t understand.